

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity—
To shock us more—solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you—but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone:

Not prudence can defend, or virtue save:

* Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish:
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune—what calamities!
And what hostilities—without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste;
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands—
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death:

Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad, this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threatening fate wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?

In age, in infancy, from others aid

Is all our hope—to teach us to be kind—

That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind:

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;

More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;

And conscious virtue mitigates the pang:

Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give

Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,

They weaken too the torrent of their grief.

Take then, O world! thy much-indebted tear:

How sad a sight is human happiness

To those, whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!

Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?

I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me:

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs—

The salutary censure of a friend.

Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;

By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:

Know, smiler, at thy peril art thou pleased;

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain:

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,